



374 GAY (J.). Wine. A Poem. Folio, FIRST EDITION; *niger morocco*, EXTREMELY RARE *Printed for William Keble*, 1708 100 0 0

The lower edge of the rule on the title-page is shaved, and the fore-edge of the errata leaf has been re-margined, a few letters being filled in in facsimile.



Ashley 4835.



# WINE

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## A

# POEM.

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*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,  
Quæ Scribuntur aquæ potoribus. Epist. 19 Lib. 1 Hor.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for WILLIAM KEBLE, at the Black-Spread-  
Eagle in Westminster-Hall, MDCCCVIII.



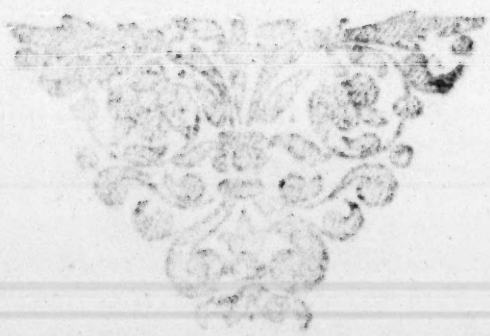
W I N E

A

P O E M

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Nulla placet diu, nec vixere carmina possunt;  
Que scribuntur adque perorantur. Epist. 1.9. Lib. 1. Hor.



L O N D O N:  
Printed for WILLIAM KERR at the Black-Spread  
Eagle in Westminster-Hall. MDCCVIII.



# WINE A POEM.

OF Happiness Terrestrial, and the Source  
 Whence human pleasures flow, sing *Heavenly Muse*,  
 Of sparkling juices, of th' enliv'ning Grape,  
 Whose *quickning* tast adds *vigour* to the Soul,  
 Whose sov'rain pow'r revives decaying nature,  
 And thaws the frozen Blood of hoary Age  
 A kindly warmth diffusing, Youthful fires  
 Gild his dim Eyes, and paint with ruddy hue  
 His wrizzled Visage, ghastly wan before :  
 Cordial restorative, to mortal Man  
 With *copious* Hand by *bounteous* Gods bestow'd.

*BACCHUS* Divine, aid my *adventurous* Song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Inspir'd, *Sublime* on *Pegasean* Wing  
 By thee upborn, I draw *Miltonic* Air.



When fummy Vapours clog our loaded Brows  
 With furrow'd Frowns, when stupid downcast Eyes  
 Th' external Symptoms of remorse within,  
 Our Grief express, or when in fullen Dumps  
 With Head Incumbent on *Expanded* Palm,  
 Moaping we sit in silent sorrow drown'd:  
 Whether Inviegling *Hymen* has trappand  
 Th' unwary Youth, and ty'd the *Gordian* Knot  
 Of jangling Wedlock, *Indissoluble*;  
 Worried all Day by loud *Xantippes* Din,  
 And when the gentle Dew of sleep inclines  
 With slumbrous weight his Eye-lids, *She* inflam'd  
 With 'Uncloy'd' Lust, and itch Insatiable,  
 His Stock exhausted, still yells on for *more*;  
 Nor fails *She* to Exalt him to the Stars,  
 And fix him there among the Branched Crew  
 (*Taurus*, and *Aries*, and *Capricorn*,)  
 The greatest Monster of the *Zodiac*;  
 Or for the loss of *Anxious* Worldly Pelf,  
 Or *Celia's* scornful flights, and cold disdain  
 Had check'd his Am'rous flame with coy repulse,  
 The worst Events that Mortals can befall;  
 By cares depress'd, in pensive *Hypoish* Mood,  
 With slowest pace, the tedious Minuits Roll.



Thy charming sight, but much more charming Gust  
 New Life incites, and warms our *chilly* Blood,  
 Strait with pert Looks, we raise our drooping fronts,  
 And pour in Chrystal pure, thy purer juice,  
 With chearful Countenance, and steady Hand  
 Raise it *Lip-high*, then fix the spacious Rim  
 T' expecting Mouth, and now with Grateful tast,  
 The ebbing Wine glides swiftly o're the Tongue,  
 The circling Blood with quicker motion flies ;  
 Such is thy pow'rful influence, thou strait  
 Disspell'st those Clouds that lowring dark eclips'd  
 The *whilom* Glories of our gladfom Face,  
 And dimpled Cheeks, and sparkling rolling Eyes,  
 Thy chearing Virtues, and thy worth proclaim.  
 So *Mists* and *Exhalations* that arise  
 From Hills or steamy Lake, Dusky or Gray  
 Prevail, till *Phæbus* sheds *Titanian* Rays,  
 And paints their *Fleecy* skirts with *shining* Gold,  
 Unable to resist, the Foggy damps  
 That veild the surface of the verdant Fields,  
 At the Gods penetrating Beams disperse :  
 The Earth again in former Beauty smiles,  
 In gaudiest Livery drest, all Gay and Clear.

When disappointed *Strephon* meets Repulse,  
 Scoffs at, despis'd, in Melancholic mood



joyless he waists in sighs the lazy Hours,  
 Till Reinforc't by thy Almighty aid,  
 He Storms the Breach, and Wins the Beauteous Fort.

To pay Thee Homage, and receive Thy Blessings,  
 The British Mariner quits native shore,  
 And ventures through the tractless vast Abyss,  
 Plowing the Ocean, whilst the Upheav'd Oak  
 With beaked Prow, Rides tilting ore the Waves;  
 Shockt by Tempestuous jarring Winds she Rolls  
 In dangers Imminent, till she arrives  
 At those blest Climes, thou favourst with thy presence;  
 Whether, at Lusitanian sultry Coasts,  
 Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,  
 Provence, Or at the Celtiberian Shores;  
 With gazing Pleasure, and Astonishment  
 At Paradice, (Seat of our antient fire,)  
 He thinks himself arriv'd, the Purple Grape  
 In largest Clusters Pendant, Grace the Vines  
 Innumerable, in Fields Grottesque and Wild  
 They with Implicit Curles the Oak entwine,  
 And load with Fruit Divine Her spreading Boughs;  
 Sight most delicious, not an Irksom Thought,  
 Or of left native Isle, or absent Friends,  
 Or dearest Wife, or tender sucking Babe,  
 His kindly treach'rous Mem'ry now presents;



The Jovial GOD has left no room for Cares.

CELESTIAL Liquor, that thou didst inspire  
 Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian Bard,  
 With lofty Numbers, and Heroic strains  
 Unparell'd, with Eloquence profound,  
 And Arguments Convincive didst enforce  
 Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes Renown'd:  
 Ennius first Fam'd in Latin Song, invain  
 Drew Heliconian streams, Ungrateful whet  
 To faded Muse, and oft' with vain attempt  
 Heroic Acts in Flagging Numbers dull  
 With pains essay'd, but abject still and low,  
 His Unrecruited Muse could never reach  
 The mighty Theme, till from the Purple Font  
 Of bright Lenæan fire, Her barren drought  
 He quench'd, and with inspiring Nect'rous Juice  
 Her drooping Spirits chear'd, aloft she towres  
 Born on stiff Pinnons, and of Wars alarms,  
 And Trophies won, in loftiest Numbers sings:  
 Tis thou the Hero's breast to Martial Acts,  
 And resolution bold, and ardour brave  
 Excit'st, thou check'st Inglorious lolling ease,  
 And sluggish Minds with gen'rous fires inflam'st,  
 O thou, that first my quickned Soul engag'd,  
 Still with thy aid assist me, What is dark



Illumin, What is *low* raise and support,  
 That to the height of this great Argument,  
 Thy Universal Sway o're all the World,  
 In everlasting Numbers, like the *Theme*  
 I may record, and sing thy *Matchless* Worth.

Had the *Oxonian* Bard thy Praise rehears'd,  
 His *Muse* had yet retain'd her wonted height;  
 Such as of late o're *Blenheims* Field she soard  
*Aerial*, now in *Ariconian* Bogs  
 She lies Inglorious floundring, like her *Theme*  
 Languid and Faint, and on damp Wing immerg'd  
 In *acid juice*, invain attempts to rise.

With what sublimest Joy from noisy Town,  
 At Rural Seat, *Lucretilis* retir'd,  
*Flaccus*, untainted by perplexing Cares,  
 Where the white *Poplar*, and the lofty *Pine*  
 Join Neighbouring Boughs, sweet Hospitable shade  
 Creating, from *Phaëbean* Rays secure,  
 A cool Retreat, with few well chosen Friends  
 On flowry Mead *Recumbent*, spent the Hours  
 In Mirth *Innocuous*, and Alternate Verse!  
 With *Roses* Interwoven, *Poplar* wreaths  
 Their Temples bind, dress of *Sylvestrian* Gods;  
 Choicest *Nectarian* juice Crown'd largest Bowles,

And



And Overlook'd the lid, alluring sight,  
 Of fragrant Scent *attractive*; tast Divine!  
 Whether from *Formian* Grape depress'd, *Falern*  
 Or *Setin*, *Massic*, *Gauran* or *Sabine*,  
*Lesbian* or *Cæcuban*, the chearing Bowl  
 Mov'd briskly round, and spur'd their heightned Wit  
 To Sing *Mecænas* praise their *Patron* kind.

But we, not as our *Pristin* fires, repair  
*T'umbrageous* Grot or Vale, but when the Sun  
 Faintly from Western Skies his rays oblique  
 Darts sloping, and to *Thetis* watry Lap  
 Hastens in Prone Career, with Friends Select  
 Swiftly we hie to Devil *Young* or *Old*  
 Jocund and Boon, where at the entrance stands  
 A Stripling, who with Scrapes and *Humil* Cringe,  
 Greet us in winning Speech and Accent Bland;  
 With lightest bound, and safe unerring step  
 He skips before, and nimbly climbs the Stairs:  
*Melampus* thus, panting with lolling Tongue,  
 And wagging Tail, Gamboles, and frisks before  
 His sequel *Lord* from pensive walk return'd,  
 Whether in *Shady* Wood, or Pastures *Green*,  
 And waits his coming at the well known Gate.  
 Nigh to the Stairs Ascent, in regal Port  
 Sits a *Majestic* Dame, whose looks denounce



Command and Sov'reignty, with haughty Air,  
 And Studied Mien, in Semicirc'lar Throne  
 Enclos'd, the deals around her dread Commands;  
 Behind her (*Dazling sight*) in order Rang'd,  
 Pile above Pile *Chrystallin* Vessels thine;  
 Attendant Slaves with eager stride advance,  
 And after Homage paid, bawl out aloud  
*Words* Unintelligible, *noise* confus'd:  
 She knows the *Fargon* Sound, and strait describes  
 In Characters *Mysterious* Words obscure;  
 More legible are *Algebraic* Signs,  
 Or *Mystic* Figures by *Magicians* drawn,  
 When they Invoke aid *Diabolical*.

Drive hence the Rude and Barb'rous Dissonance  
 Of Savage *Thracians*, and *Croatian* Boors;  
 The loud *Centaurian* Broiles with *Lapithæ*  
 Sound harsh, and grating to *Lenean* God:  
 Chase brutal Feuds of *Belgian* skippers hence,  
 (Amid their Cups, whose *Inmate* Tempers shown)  
 In clumsy Fist wielding *Scymetrian* Knife,  
 Who flash each others Eyes, and *Blubber'd* Face,  
 Prophaning *Bacchanalian* solemn rites:  
*Musicks* Harmonious Numbers better suit  
 His Festivalls, from Instrument or Voice,  
 Or *Gasperini's* Hand the trembling string



Should touch, or from the *Tuscan* Dames,  
 Or warbling *TOFTS* more soft Melodious Tongue  
 Sweet *Symphonies* should flow, the *Delian* God  
 For Airy *BACCHUS* is Associate meet.

The Stairs Ascent now gain'd, our Guide unbars  
 The Door of Spacious Room, and creaking Chairs  
 (To ear offensive) round the Table sets,  
 We sit, when thus his Florid Speech begins :  
 Name, Sirs, the *WINE* that most invites your Taste,  
*Champaign* or *Burgundy*, or *Florence* pure,  
 Or *Hock* Antique, or *Lisbon* New or Old,  
*Bordeaux*, or neat *French White*, or *Alicant* :  
 For *Bordeaux* we with Voice Unanimous  
 Declare, (such Sympathy's in Boon Compeers.)  
 He quits the Room Alert, but soon returns,  
 One Hand Capacious glist'ring Vessels bore  
*Resplendant*, th' other with a grasp secure,  
 A Bottle (*mighty charge*) upstaid, full Fraught  
 With goodly Wine, He with extended Hand  
 Rais'd high, pours forth the Sanguin frothy Juice,  
 O'respread with Bubbles, dissipated soon :  
 We strait t' our Arms repair, experienc't Chiefs;  
 Now Glasses clash with Glasses, (*charming sound*,)  
 And Glorious *ANNA*'s Health the first the best  
 Crowns the full Glass, at *HER* inspiring Name



The sprightly Wine *Results*, and seems to Smile,  
 With hearty Zeal, and with *Unanimous*  
 The Health we Drink, and in *HER* Health our own.

A Pause ensues, and now with grateful Chat  
 We improve the *Interval*, and Joyous Mirth  
 Engages our rais'd Souls, Pat Repartee,  
 Or Witty Joke our airy Senses moves  
 To pleasant *Laughter*, strait the Ecchoing Room  
 With Universal *Peals* and *Shouts* Resounds.

The *ROYAL DANE*, blest Consort of blest *QUEEN*,  
 Next Crowns the Rubied Nectar, all whose Bliss  
 In *ANNA's* Plac't, with Sympathetic Flame,  
 And Mutual Endearments, all *HER* Joys,  
 Like the kind Turtles pure untainted Love,  
 Center in *HIM*, who shares the grateful Hearts  
 Of Loyal Subjects, with his Sov'reign *QUEEN*;  
 For by *HIS* Prudent Care, united shores  
 Were sav'd from Hostile Fleets Invasion dire.

The Hero *MALBRO* next, whose vast Exploits  
 Fames Clarion sounds, fresh Laurels, Triumphs new  
 We wish, like those *HE* won at *Hockstets* Field.

Next *DEVONSHIRE* Illustrious, who from Race  
 Of Noblest Patriots sprung, whose Soul's Endow'd,  
 And is with ev'ry Vertuous gift Adorn'd

That



That shon in His most worthy Ancestors,  
 For then distinct in sep'rate Breasts were seen  
 Virtues distinct, but all in *HIM* Unite.

Prudent *GODOLPHIN*, of the Nations weal  
 Frugal, but free and gen'rous of his own  
 Next Crowns the Bowl, with Faithful *SUNDERLAND*,  
 And *HALIFAX*, the Muses darling Song,  
 In whom *Conspicuous*, with full Lustre shine  
 The *surest* Judgment, and the *brightest* Wit,  
 Himself *Mecænas* and a *Flaccus* too,  
 And all the Worthies of the *British* Realm  
 In order rang'd succeeded, *Healts* that ting'd  
 The *Dulcet* Wine with a more charming Gust.

Now each the Mistress by whose scorching Eyes  
 Fird, tosts *Cosmelia* Fair, or *Dulcibella*,  
 Or *Sylvia* Comely Black, with jetty Eyes  
 Piercing, or Airy *Celia* sprightly Maid.  
 Insensibly thus flow *Unnumber'd* Hours;  
 Glas succeeds Glas, till the *DIRCÆAN* GOD  
 Shines in our Eyes, and with his Fulgent Rays  
 Enlightens our glad Looks with lovely *Die*;  
 All Blithe and Jolly that like *Arthurs* Knights  
 Of Rotund Fable, Fam'd in Pristin Records,  
 Now most we seem'd, such is the Power of Wine.



Thus we the winged Hours in harmless Mirth,  
 And Joys Unfully'd pass, till Humid Night  
 Has half her Race perform'd, now all Abroad  
 Is hush'd and silent, nor the *Rumbling* noise  
 Of Coach or Cart, or smoaky Link-Boys call  
 Is heard; but *Universal silence* Reigns:  
 When we in Merry Plight, Airy and Gay,  
 Surpriz'd to find the Hours so swiftly fly,  
 With hasty knock, or *Twang* of *Pendant* Cord  
 Alarm the drowsy Youth from slumb'ring Nod;  
 Startled he flies, and stumbles o're the Stairs  
 Erroneous, and with busie Knuckles plies  
 His yet clung Eye-lids, and with stagg'ring Reel  
 Enters Confus'd, and Mutt'ring asks our Wills,  
 When we with *Lib'ral* Hand the *Score* discharge,  
 And Homeward each his Course with *steady* step  
*Unerring* steer'd, of Cares and Coin bereft.



## ERRATA:

**P**AGE 7 line 2 read thou that, *instead of* that thou. Page  
13 line 15 read fir'd, *instead of* fird. And line 23 read Ta-  
ble, *instead of* Fable.



ERRATA.

Page 7 line 2 read <sup>ASHELEY</sup> ~~that~~ instead of that thou. Page  
13 line 15 read <sup>B</sup> ~~instead of~~ and line 23 read <sup>M</sup> ~~12~~  
ble instead of 12.



